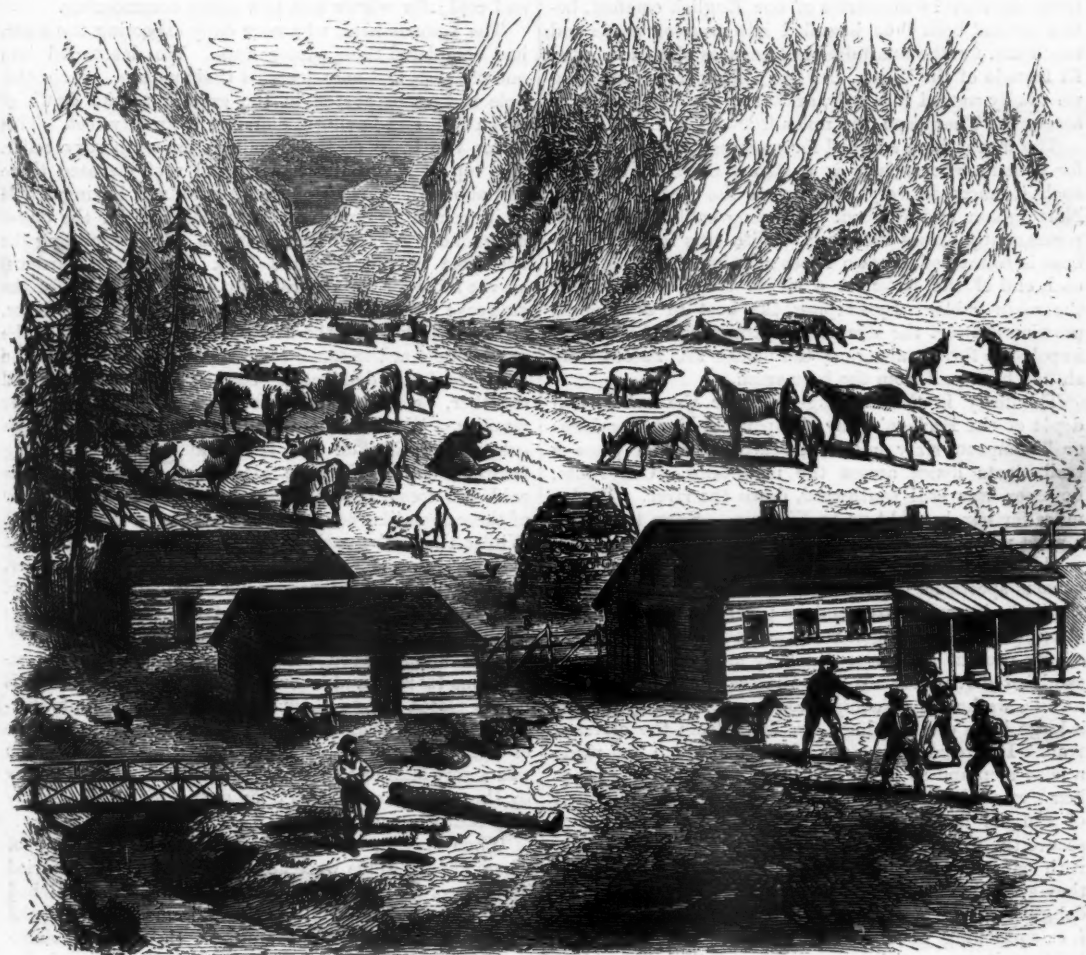


THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



A FARMSTEAD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

TO CARIBOO AND BACK.

AN EMIGRANT'S JOURNEY TO THE GOLD-FIELDS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

XVII.—THE LAKES—A HALT.

OUR next stage was to another thriving farm—"The Lakes," so named from several picturesque sheets of water near it. The owner of the estate was urgently in need of assistance in several ways, and made our small party of three an offer for our services. As our funds were now all but totally exhausted, we gladly fell in with the proposal, and remained here three months,

rendering assistance in various departments of labour. Thus, we first cut some reed and thatched the hay-stacks (a practice not usual in America); then we felled some trees, and erected a smith's shop and forge. Our stay here was mutually pleasant, and all the time the weather was beautifully clear—scarcely even a cloud across the bright blue expanse of the heavens. That quiet autumn in British Columbia will long be remembered by us, especially from its contrast with the previous two months of weary toil, disappointment, and hardships.

On the approach of winter we deemed it time to secure our retreat to the coast, took leave of our friends

at "The Lakes," and resumed the changing scenes of pedestrian travel. Our first night out was spent on a narrow rocky ledge on the steep declivity of a mountain overhanging the Thompson River, which flowed more than a thousand feet beneath us; and, as the darkness had overtaken us whilst mid-way in this dangerous pass, we were necessitated to remain in this most uncomfortable position till day-break. We may here remark that there is but little twilight in British Columbia. Night succeeds the day more rapidly than at home. Thus we found it to our cost on this occasion. A more miserable night we never spent; cramped in our lofty post of danger, the rain beating heavily upon us, drenched and shivering, yet afraid to stir, our thoughts turned with lively interest to memories of our English comfort, before we had been thus beguiled into crossing ocean and mountain, for the unattainable treasures of this vaunted El Dorado of the West. At five o'clock in the morning we gladly moved forwards, and soon reached the ferry across the Thompson, ten miles from "The Lakes."

The means here adopted for crossing is only suitable for streams where there is a strong current; but with such it succeeds very well, as on the Trent, between Nottingham and Wilford. A strong cable is stretched permanently across the river. With this the flat ferry-boat is connected by two ropes running in blocks, from each end of the latter, to a single block sliding along the main cable. By keeping the boat in a diagonal position athwart the stream, the strength of the current impels the former along, as the blocks are successively shifted by a pull from the helmsman.

The ferry is the starting-point for the well-known dépôt of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Kamloops or Thompson, sixty miles eastward, to which place a trail starts hence across the mountains. Our route, however, was still southward, down the river. Twelve miles farther brought us to Nicomin. From this point a good waggon-road extends to Yale.

On our way hither from the ferry we witnessed a curious spectacle. Some men were engaged in blasting the rocks beneath a tremendous precipice, for a continuation of the new waggon route on level ground, instead of the present trail over the lofty mountain, two thousand feet above them. Whilst we were watching the work awhile, we heard a rushing noise, and, looking up, saw a large body coming down headlong from the elevated trail. It proved to be a splendid mule, which had made a false step and so fallen headlong. Of course the poor beast was killed instantaneously. A small encampment of Indians near by immediately came hastening in to secure the tempting prize as a feast. Men and women, with papooses, all clustered around the carcass, which they speedily cut up and carried off in pieces. Their delight found expression in loud cries of "Muck-muck," i. e., something good to eat. They cook the flesh by holding it on a stick over a fire, warm the outside a little, and then greedily devour and gnaw it; as dogs with a bone.

The blasting party engaged here consisted of twenty-five or thirty miners, all of whom had been to Cariboo, but had returned down country, disappointed. Yet so thoroughly convinced were they of the existence of a large quantity of the precious metal at the diggings, that all were resolved to try their success once more next spring. They declared "the gold is there, sure enough; and we're bound to have some of it before we go home." Several of them had already secured claims at the mines, which they worked on till the rain and frost compelled their abandonment for the season; but they looked forward with confidence to the resumption

of operations there. We heartily wished them success, for they were a fine lot of men, true Britons to the core, bold as lions, and almost as hardy and weather-proof as the rocks they were now quarrying.

XVIII.—LYTTON.

Twelve miles below Nicomin is Lytton, named after Sir E. B. Lytton Bulwer, when sometime Secretary for the Colonies. It is situated at the point where the Thompson unites with the Fraser. Here we received a kind invitation to spend the night in front of a blazing fire in a strong iron store. After our usual devours to the "weed," we especially enjoyed our warm stretch-out in such comfortable quarters, so secure from wind, rain, and cold; for winter was now fairly commencing.

The Indians here, who were daily expecting the snow, had completed their winter huts. We descended into one of these, and may describe their nature. A circular hole is first excavated in the ground to the depth of seven feet, and having a diameter of twenty feet. This forms the body of the dwelling, or temporary cellar. The top is covered with a conical roof, elevated three feet above the surface of the ground, and having a hole in its centre for egress and entrance, and for the outlet of smoke. A tree notched at the side (resembling the bear-pole in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens) serves alike for the central prop of the roof and for the staircase of admission to the subterranean premises. A fire is lighted on the ground, immediately under the central hole at the top. Men, women, and children (the latter perfectly destitute of clothing) are here huddled together, as each hut is inhabited by three or four families. We descended, and met with a civil, though grave reception on our being announced as "King George men." We were glad to re-emerge into the cold, but fresh, pure atmosphere above, as the foul air of these oven-like dens is most oppressive to a stranger. Whilst thus hibernating, the Indians subsist on dried fish, berries, and roots, and often on all three together, formed into a heterogeneous compound or soup. The roofs of these abodes are formed of strong logs thickly intertwined with brushwood, which, being well slanted and covered with earth, become almost impervious to rain and snow. The opening at the top is nearly closed; thus their condition is most unfavourable to health, and, as a consequence, many of them die of diseases thus contracted or aggravated. Last season was a very fatal one to them: numbers were swept away by the small-pox. When once seized with this malady they scarcely ever recover.

When staying at "The Lakes," we had seen a spot where about twelve wretched Indians had been buried by some of the settlers in the neighbourhood. All had been seized with small-pox, and, immediately on the appearance of the disease amongst them, their fellow-countrymen had abandoned them to their inevitable fate. The dread of disease by the Indians far surpasses their fear of violent or sudden death. The manner in which the sick and dying are thus forsaken by their companions is merely one amongst numerous illustrations of the degradation and depravity of human nature when not enlightened by the blessed influences of the Gospel, prompting at self-risk to seek the good of others. A beautiful contrast is afforded by the abundant instances where pestilence and death have been fearlessly braved even by tender and delicate Christian women, under the beneficent impulses of their holy religion. In the case of the abandoned Indians just referred to, they all died one after another, and remained unburied for days, until their bodies attracted the attention of some white neigh-

hours, who, by means of long poles and rakes, managed to thrust the remains of the poor wretches into one common grave, dug for them hard by the scene of their desolate death.

The miners' vice of gambling has been eagerly adopted by the poor Indians, who have learnt, in a manner of their own, to play at cards. Horses, blankets, and even their last garment are staked on the game. We have met them thus literally stripped, after their losses in this way amongst themselves.

XIX.—FORT YALE AND THE COAST.

For the remainder of our journey coastward we were able to dispense with the use of a tent, as we found houses tolerably frequent along the line of route; and it was a double advantage to be thus sheltered at night, instead of in a leaky and frail tent, and also to be lightened of the burden of carrying the latter, which we now bestowed as a present upon some of our Indian acquaintances. The roads here were also a vast improvement upon the trails further inland; so that in less than three days from Lytton we reached Fort Yale, where we entirely divested ourselves of our packs, the heavy burdens which we had borne up and down the land for eight hundred miles.

Yale is a thriving town, likely to become an important emporium for up-country traffic. One of the wealthiest men and principal owners of land in the place was a rough but honest Yankee collier, popularly known as "Old York." He left the coal-mines in the States some years ago for those in Vancouver's Island, and then, on the discovery of gold in British Columbia, emigrated hither, and, shrewdly judging that Yale must necessarily, from its position, become a prosperous state, opened a store here, and invested all his earnings in the purchase of land in the most likely positions. His clever anticipations are rapidly being realized, and his fortune is already secured. Yet he continues to wear the same style of dress as when a poor collier—still the open-necked buttonless blue shirt without cuffs, the thick boots, bare head, and tight moleskin pants, reaching far short of the ankles. It may be safely presumed that his descendants will be less anxious to manifest in so unmistakable a manner the lowly origin of their fortunes.

Having now reached the navigable portion of Fraser's River again, we embarked on the steamer "Reliance," on the 15th of December, for New Westminster, and, after a run of ten hours, reached it the same evening. Here we observed that little alteration had taken place since our former visit. Next day we re-embarked on another steamer for Vancouver's Island, and reached Victoria the same night. The latter place had undergone considerable and rapid changes during the past half-year. A whole street had sprung up, and also many large buildings. We were pleased to find that Christmas festivities were not forgotten, but were busily being prepared for, as was indicated by the evergreen decorations and festoons in various parts of the town.

XX.—CONCLUDING GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE COLONY.

Before concluding our reminiscences of British Columbia, we will make a few general observations, and in particular respecting the class of emigrants most likely to succeed there.

Of all our colonies there is none where physical strength, patience, and good temper are more essentially indispensable than here. It is utterly useless for persons of weak constitution, or feeble powers of endurance, to attempt the expedition to the up-country mines of

Cariboo and the Creeks. Again, we would strongly dissuade any of our city friends from emigrating hither. Men accustomed to agricultural and other hard manual labour, to mining and quarrying, and to ordinary skilled mechanical labour—such, and such only, are the class, in general, whom we would invite to British Columbia for the present. The high prices of provisions and stores have already seen their maximum, and will probably steadily decrease as the roads become more developed, the traffic directed into regular channels, and the agricultural resources of the country rendered more available.

The development of good roads is being carried on with the most laudable energy and promptitude by the Colonial Government, and, whilst laying a firm basis for the increased prosperity of the country, is affording most valuable and timely employment to numbers of emigrants who have been unable to reach the mines, or have been disappointed on their arrival there. These facilities of transit will obviate the excessively arduous, expensive, and hazardous trails over lofty mountains and along terrific precipices.

We would not recommend intending emigrants to burden themselves with a large and expensive outfit for their land journey to Cariboo. Considering that much, if not all, of what they take may have to be carried on their own shoulders, for at least a portion of the way, they will do well to restrict their wardrobe to the following articles, in addition to the suit of clothes they have in wear:—viz., one pair of thick blankets; two woollen shirts; two pairs of worsted stockings; one stout pair of pants ("Bedford cord" is recommended); and, in particular, strong high-laced-up shoes of well-seasoned leather, and with wide heels. No tent should be brought from England, and no mining tools, as they will be obtained on reasonable terms in the colony, and even at the upper mines.

Very many emigrants attribute their want of success to their having come out with a too small supply of money, wholly inadequate to their expenses up to the mines, or to their maintenance and perseverance there until able to reach the gold. Considering the many numerous and inevitable expenses to be incurred, two hundred pounds may be mentioned as being almost the lowest sum of money to bear the new comer with comfort through all the preliminary difficulties and delays inseparable from a fair start to and at the Cariboo diggings.

The miners' rights and claims are clearly defined and protected in this colony. The law is administered promptly and equitably, and to the general satisfaction of all concerned. It was far otherwise in the early days of Californian gold-mining, where the owner of a fortunate claim was never safe for a day from the pistol or bowie-knife of cowardly or bullying neighbours. Nor did the law there render any certain assistance. Provided the assailant possessed wealth, it was, in general, an easy matter to obtain a verdict or decision of "justifiable homicide in self-defence," followed by impunity and absolute acquittal, in the most flagrant and atrocious cases of murderous robbery or assassination. But such a state of things does not exist in British Columbia. Law and personal protection are no mere dead letters under the broad folds of the British flag, even in these distant regions of the empire. Throughout the entire breadth of the continent, from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Georgia and the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the blessings of British constitutionalism, in combining reverence for law with the utmost personal freedom and security, are presented in favourable contrast with the

"liberty" claimed by the ultra-democracy of Brother Jonathan "over the border."

As we have already stated, the climate of British Columbia is, on the whole, very favourable to English emigrants. A clear atmosphere, pure water, generally cloudless skies, and a varied landscape of mountain and forest, are general characteristics of the colony.

The existence of vast deposits of the precious metal in this colony is placed beyond a doubt; and long-continued success in their exploration may be confidently anticipated, after the preliminary difficulties of establishing good access and moderate facilities for traffic shall have been overcome. Whilst we thus write, news is brought of a "rush" of miners to gold-fields in the extreme east of British Columbia, in the Kootanie region, near the Rocky Mountain Pass of that name, and not many miles north of the boundary line of latitude 49 degrees, which separates the colony from the United States.

It is, perhaps, no presumptuous conclusion to express a belief that these timely discoveries of gold in these countries, and in such successive directions across the continent, may be ordered by Divine wisdom to draw to those uttermost parts of the earth an enterprising and industrious population, who at no distant period will probably unite by railway and telegraph the commerce, the civilization, and the religion of the Atlantic and European communities with the hitherto neglected and undeveloped regions of the far North Pacific. Christian civilization, being thus securely established throughout the whole breadth of North America, from ocean to ocean, will be in a position to make direct and auspicious advances, from a firmly settled basis of operations, still further westward, to the shores of China, Japan, and Asiatic Russia—thus uniting the utmost west and farthest east in one comprehensive union of enlightened intercourse and prosperity, both temporal and spiritual.

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

It is more than seven years now since Victoria, the Princess Royal of England, left her home and her native land, where she will be always remembered with respect and affection. Scarcely ever has a royal alliance been hailed with so much joy and anticipation of happiness as was the marriage of the English Princess Royal with the heir presumptive of the Prussian monarchy. Apart from its being a union of the heart, and not of mere political expediency, it was a token of good for the future generation that the two greatest Protestant nations were thus united by family ties. There are blessings which can be expected only in countries where evangelical religion is known, and where God is worshipped according to his word. May England and Prussia be ever closely united, and in both countries may there be increase of that righteousness which alone exalteth a people!

In the social and domestic life of a nation nothing is of more importance and influence than the moral tone of the Court. History is full of illustrations of the power for good or for evil that goes forth from the chamber of kings and queens. The moral and domestic life of the palace tells directly or indirectly upon the homes of the people of all ranks and conditions. The influence of the Crown Princess, since her residence in Prussia, we are told by a well-known minister in Berlin, has been very great. Her sweetness of disposition and gentleness of manner, the simplicity of her domestic life and household arrangements, even at one of the most

powerful courts of Europe, have been felt through the length and breadth of the land of her adoption. At the beginning of her residence the lords and ladies in waiting, and the directors of court ceremonies, were often shocked at her disregard of the long-established stiff forms in vogue. The Princess always followed more the dictates of her heart than the prescribed routine of ceremonials. It is said that she once had to hear a lecture from a court official on the impropriety of speaking in public of the Crown Prince as her husband, instead of giving him his due title. She at once went to the king, and asked him whether it was unbecoming in her to call the Crown Prince her husband. The king, pressing her to his heart, told her certainly to call him always her husband, wherever and whenever she pleased.

The Princess seeks and finds her happiness in her family circle. Her riches are her children; and lovely and beloved children they are all four. Her eldest, Frederic William Victor Albert, was born 27th January, 1859; the second, Victoria Elizabeth Augusta Charlotte, born 24th July, 1860; Albert William Henry, born 14th August, 1862; and the fourth, Francis Frederic Sigismund, born 15th September, 1864. The eldest, a nice-tempered boy, now six years of age, lively and full of spirit, rides his pony well; and it is a pleasant sight when he is seen with his sister running about and playing in the royal garden. With the greatest motherly care the Princess watches over the training of her children. The Crown Prince also finds it his delight to occupy himself with his family, especially with the eldest boy, encouraging him in his work, and joining in his sports. It will interest mothers to mention also that when the Princess, much against her own wish, was obliged to give up nursing her first three children, she took care that the wet-nurse was close to her own apartments in the palace, so that she could herself watch over her children. She also insisted that the nurse should at least, once during the day, nurse her own child. After having given way so much, she carried her point in regard to the fourth child, and she had permission to exercise the duty and privilege of a mother, to nurse her own child. In order to avoid all the excitement and anxieties at the time attending the troubled political state of the country, she went to Italy, where she enjoyed quiet and retirement for her family duties. In her whole domestic life she is indeed a pattern to mothers, all the more exemplary for the hindrances of her exalted station. After tiresome though necessary State ceremonies or duties, her first visit is to the nursery. Once she surprised a large party, on a public occasion, by taking up her children, who came rushing to her, in her arms, and embracing them, and allowing them to caress her before the company.

The unobtrusive benevolence of the Princess is well known to all at Berlin. The writer knows it as a fact that she is in the habit of sending to make inquiries as to character and mode of life, and then rendering substantial help, when she hears of cases of distress. She was solicited to become patroness of a temporary asylum for governesses out of employ. She desired that the committee should lay before her an estimate of the cost of the institution, and twice the estimate was returned, as not being sufficiently explicit and clear in details; and only after everything had been fully and satisfactorily explained did she express her approval, and consent to become the patroness. On visiting the institution she minutely inspected all the arrangements, and directed several improvements to be made, in accordance with her English ideas of comfort.

In her leisure hours she zealously improves her mind,

and cultivates her taste, in reading and writing, drawing, modelling, and painting. We saw lately a beautiful statuette of "One of the Wise Virgins trimming her Lamp," sent from Berlin as a present to Mr. Edward Henry Corbould, her early instructor in drawing and the Fine Arts. Mr. Corbould's tuition must have been most valuable to the Princess, and to his other pupils in the royal family; but no master can communicate the talent for original design, any more than a writing-master can teach the art of original composition. We have seen historical and poetical designs by the Princess Royal, and also by the Princess Alice, displaying a power which many a professional artist might justly covet. The Crown Princess has frequently presented drawings or paintings to expositions or fancy fairs, held at Berlin, for the benefit of benevolent institutions. Her first contribution of this kind in her own country we are glad to be able to recall, by presenting a copy of the picture painted by her for "The Patriotic Fund."

When the proposal was made to hold an art bazaar in aid of the fund for the widows and orphans of the soldiers who fell in the Crimean war, she was asked if she intended to send a contribution. Diffident of her own powers, she exclaimed, "What! send a picture to a public exhibition? Of course not." But when it was explained that it would be productive of great good to the cause if she did, since many people would go to see *her* work who, but for such an inducement, would probably not go near the place and that the shillings so collected would add largely to the sum for the charity, while the sale of the picture would realize enough to help some widow lady in her distress, she at once agreed, on condition that the Queen had no objection. The Queen gave her consent willingly, but, with her usual prudence, added that it must be on the understanding that the picture should be of such a nature that no one could pervert or twist it into any political significance. The Princess made a sketch of a wounded warrior and a woman, both the figures being of ancient classic model. It is said to have been a composition of much power, and expressing deep feeling; but it was suggested that the idea would tell better, and go home with quicker sympathy to the heart, if a British soldier were represented. The result was the touching picture of the dead guardsman, and the widow weeping over his body on the battle-field. There was nothing political in this, but the artistic statement of a fact, alas! too true, that many of the bravest and best soldiers that ever went to battle had fallen in the Crimea. The expression of this sad fact, and the charitable design of aiding the widows of those who had fallen, were happily combined in the composition of the picture. No one seemed to have had an idea of the great talent for original design possessed by the Princess Royal, until this drawing surprised and deeply affected all who saw it.

The story of the picture, after it reached the exhibition at Burlington House, is worth recording. The Princess had put a very modest value on her work, and offered to dispose of it privately for a small sum, which she wished to enter as her subscription. She was assured that this would greatly frustrate the aim of the fund, and that the picture would fetch a handsome sum. The first offer, made immediately the doors of the exhibition were opened, was eighty guineas, followed by another of one hundred guineas. The names were entered in the book, it having been previously arranged that the highest offer, up to a certain day at noon, was to obtain the picture. At the appointed time two hundred guineas had been offered by a gentleman who was present to hear the clock strike twelve. Just before

the hour, he said, "Well, I am surprised that there is not more appreciation of so fine a work of art; and, that it may not be said that it was sold for only two hundred guineas, I offer two hundred and fifty;" for which sum he wrote out a cheque as the clock struck. The result of the sale surprised the Princess, who had too much good sense, however, to be elated by any foolish vanity, while rejoicing in the success of her effort for the good of the fund.

Pictures were also exhibited by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alice, and the Princess Helena. Prince Alfred, not liking to be left out, also did his best; so that the names of five contributors of the Royal Family conspicuously appeared. These contributions were sold for £25 each. When the collection of pictures for the exhibition was commenced, several titled ladies had contributed, and had marked their names with initials only, as Lady W—, and so on. But when the Princess Royal signed her name at full length on her painting, and the other royal names appeared, the anonymous amateurs followed the fashion, and, in subsequent editions of the catalogue, a goodly array of aristocratic contributors was displayed, to the enlightenment of the public, the credit of the exhibition, and the benefit of the fund.

But we must return from this long digression, suggested by the picture of the "Battle-field," to more tranquil associations. The Crown Princess of Prussia sets a good example to her household, and to Prussian society, in the sanctifying of the Lord's day. When she first went to Berlin, she frequently attended the English services held by the missionary of the London Jews' Society, who has for many years been in the habit of conducting a service for the English residents. As there was no stated clergyman to attend to the spiritual welfare of the poorer members of the English congregation, the Princess exerted herself to get the want supplied. There is now an excellent clergyman, who has service every Sunday at the English Embassy, while the missionary still continues his services in the usual place, in one of the royal palaces which the late worthy King of Prussia had placed at the disposal of the English residents. While the Crown Princess frequently attends the English chapel, she as frequently, if not more so, attends the German service at the Dom, where the court chaplains, chiefly Dr. Hoffman and Dr. Kögel, preach and conduct the services.

THE AINOS OF YESSO.

II.

THE Ainos have strange legends of their origin, such as are common among nations without any historical records. The arrival of a fishing-junk at the island long ago is the only point of likelihood in these vague traditions.

The Japanese acknowledge that the origin of the Ainos is wrapped in obscurity, and at the same time will express conviction that the inhabitants of Nip-hon (the largest of the Japanese islands) are descended from these people, and will endeavour to maintain the truth of the assertion by stating several corroborative facts; the two principal of which are, first, the similarity of the ancient Japanese language—at present almost obsolete—and the Aino dialect; and, second, the practice of wearing long hair and beards, persisted in by the Ainos, and evidently—as shown in old paintings and drawings—the ancient practice of the Japanese of Nip-hon.

This assertion is doubtless correct as regards the seven or eight northern provinces of Nip-hon, the settlement of which took place between the seventh and eighth centuries of the Christian era. And the subjugation of the Ainos, which took place about the beginning of the twelfth century, was doubtless owing to the superior progress that civilization had made in the south of Japan, which was originally settled by the Chinese.

It is extremely difficult to fix upon the exact date when the intercourse between the Ainos of the south of Yesso and the Japanese commenced; but, if we may trust the annals of the Japanese, a trade by barter between the two races has been carried on from time immemorial.

In relation to the subjugation of the Ainos, it is needless to give a detailed account of the bloody war which ensued when the brother of Yoritoomi,* together with his partisans, quitted Nip-hon in order to escape the vengeance of the first Tycoon (Yoritoomi himself), and landed in Yesso. Suffice it to say, that the conqueror succeeded in effacing the remembrance of the war by his kindness to the vanquished, and thus gained the confidence and esteem of the Ainos, and was deified by them even before his death. His successors, however, divided Yesso among themselves; and thus a number of petty daimios were created, who frequently waged war against each other.

Owing to the proximity of the southern province of Matsumai to the island of Nip-hon, however, and the immense number of Japanese who emigrated to this province and subjected themselves to its ruler, the influence and power of the daimio of Matsumai rapidly increased; and at last, after numerous battles and a fierce struggle, which lasted over five hundred years, a descendant of this daimio subjugated the other princes and annexed their territories to his own principality, and thus became master of nearly the whole of the island of Yesso. The native tribes of the island were, however, a cause of ceaseless trouble to him; and the annals of Matsumai state that the warriors of the daimio frequently and bitterly complained of the superior courage and the more effective weapons of the Ainos, who fought like bears, and who, like the animals they hold in veneration, were most to be feared when wounded. However, notwithstanding the valour displayed by the Ainos, they were at last subdued by the daimio's soldiers; and this bloody war, the abject condition of the Ainos after its conclusion (for the victors scarcely granted them the daily necessities of life), and especially the scourge of the small-pox, introduced among them by the Japanese, considerably lessened the population of the island.

The government of Matsumai has always been of the worst description; and when, in 1854, the Japanese Government took the control of the whole island into its own hands, the Ainos loudly expressed their satisfaction. The territory of the present daimio of Matsumai now only consists of thirty square miles; but a very large pecuniary indemnity has been granted to the daimio by the government.

The weapons of the Ainos, above alluded to as being the dread of the Japanese soldiers, were poisoned arrows. The poison in which these arrows are dipped is of the most virulent description, and is extracted from the roots of certain plants. It is called *booloo*; but the constituent parts of the poison are kept a profound secret from all except a few Aino chiefs. Its qualities are usually tested upon a condemned criminal, by bring-

ing it into contact with the tip of his tongue, when it causes speedy death. At present it is only used in bear-hunting. An arrow, previously dipped in the poison, is placed in an immense bow, fixed to a tree. A cord, several yards in length, is then attached to the bow, and laid upon the ground, in such a manner that, when touched, the arrow flies off from the bow; and with such precision do the Ainos fix this terrible *machine infernale*, that, nine times out of ten, the unfortunate animal that has touched the cord is transfixed.

Crime is of rare occurrence among the Ainos. Their native code of laws is merely traditional; but, though simple, they are severe. The ordeal of boiling water or oil is used in proceedings against criminals. Some pebbles, varying in number according to the degree of crime or of suspicion attached to the criminal, are placed in a pan filled with boiling water or oil. The accused is then ordered to draw them forth one by one. If he succeed in doing so uninjured, he is proclaimed innocent. If, however, the boiling fluid scald him, he is pronounced guilty; and the punishment he has to undergo is more or less severe, according to the injury he has sustained in passing through the ordeal. When two Ainos have a serious dispute, all their relatives assemble, and the plaintiff and defendant then commence belabouring each other with clubs. They alternately give and receive three blows, the defendant being the first to receive them; and thus they continue, until one or the other declares himself vanquished. They are then separated, and the victorious Aino is led away in triumph by his friends. The vanquished party, however, retains the right of appeal; and, if he exercise it, the contest recommences, and does not terminate until one of the combatants declares himself finally vanquished, or dies beneath the blows.

The mineral resources of the island of Yesso are by no means despicable. In classifying the mines according to their relative importance, the following order should be observed, viz., lead, coal, gold, sulphur, copper, iron, zinc, and silver. Feeling the advisability of opening out this new Eldorado, the Japanese Government engaged the services of two American engineers, Messrs. Pampelly and Blake; and they were actually led to believe, from certain remarks made by a wag residing in the south of Dai Nip-hon, that the Americans were endowed with supernatural powers, and were gifted with the scent of minerals, in the manner that a sporting dog smells game. So firmly were the Japanese convinced of the truth of these assertions, that, when Mr. Pampelly and his companion arrived at Kanagawa, the governor of that town requested them to inform him officially whether the colour of the sea and the appearance of the coast had led them to suppose that Japan possessed rich mines. The result of this conference was very unsatisfactory in the eyes of the Japanese; and, as they did not obtain all the information they expected, the engineers received instructions to proceed to Yesso, there to commence an ungrateful task. The native authorities soon perceived that the presence of these gentlemen did not work like magic upon the gold and silver mines of the island, nor cause the precious metals to flow from the mountains; and, as they conceived it extremely dangerous to allow foreigners to become familiar with the geological formation of the country, Messrs. Pampelly and Blake were politely informed that their services were no longer required.

The little information I have been enabled to obtain respecting the interior of the island leads me to surmise that the lead, gold, and sulphur mines are very rich. Numerous hot springs are found throughout the island,

* This chief, who, after escaping from the vengeance of his brother, conquered the Ainos, is now worshipped by the latter as a god, as previously mentioned by the author.

and particularly in the neighbourhood of the seven or eight volcanoes of Yesso.

The forests, as I have previously stated, abound with wild animals—wolves, bears, deer, roe, bucks, foxes, martins, wild horses, beavers, etc., etc. The beavers inhabit the neighbourhood of the rivers, which intersect the island and flow from west to east. The principal of these rivers are the Esherkarie, the Kawa (the only river that flows westward), Takataheegrewa, and Monbetsoogawa. The mountains are the Nishebetsoo, the Sharebetsoo, the Komagatake, and the Yessan. The two last-named are volcanic, and abound in sulphur. The principal lake is the Onoma. Its length is twenty-five miles.

The ornithology of Yesso is inconsiderable. With the exception of the crow, which is numerous throughout Japan, Yesso is ill supplied with birds. One of the most important articles of commerce among the natives, however, is the tail of the eagle. The tail-feathers of this bird are held in high repute by the Japanese, who use them to balance their arrows. Formerly these feathers were sold for fabulous prices. An inhabitant of the Dai Nip-hon once bought an eagle's tail for £32 sterling. The usual price, however, is about £2 sterling; and, as the importance of bows and arrows is rapidly decreasing, the relative value of the feathers of the king of birds is on the decline. With the exception of a small part of the island, Yesso is at present, and has been for ten years past, under the control of seven or eight daimios. The chief towns are Hakodadi, Matsumai, Esashee, and Ono; and the number of Japanese who inhabit this part of Japan does not far exceed one million, while the native Aino population, as I have said, rapidly on the decline, amounts to two hundred thousand. When the dense population of Japan is considered, one can only account for the scant population of Yesso as being caused by its severe climate; for, although the short summer is almost tropical, and four months suffice to produce rice, wheat, Indian corn, millet, beans, peas, potatoes, and other tuberous roots, wild grapes, apples, pears, plums, and a variety of other fruits, the winter is long, and excessively cold. Certainly it is a fact that either the natives have never taken entire possession of this rich and fertile island, or, through some unknown cause, Nature has re-assumed her superior rights; for the numerous vestiges of large roads and canals, and of mines, which appear to have been worked with great skill, and the traces of the ruins of old castles found in the interior, embedded in immense forests, are proofs of a bygone civilization, and show conclusively that the ancient Ainos were far superior to the present representatives of the race.

A conquered and despised people, who probably, in the course of a few years, will dwindle out of existence, the chief resource of the Ainos, notwithstanding the wealth of their country, is the sea. They are not permitted, even if they would, to avail themselves of the wealth of the land. They are submitted, also, to every possible indignity. Once a year every man, woman, and child among them is summoned to appear before the yakonins; and, after their laws have been read to them with the greatest ceremony, they are treated, like slaves, with an abundant supply of corn-brandy.

Yet, wretched, the poor, despised Ainos possess many good qualities. They are extremely susceptible in relation to any breach of politeness; and the Aino who forgets the customary salutations on entering a house, or who misconducts himself at a private or public festival, is fined for the offence. The penalties on these occasions are strictly enforced; and, as money is unknown among

the Ainos, every family, or individual, is compelled to keep a certain reserve stock of furniture, wherewith these fines are paid; and, in default of payment, corporeal punishment is inflicted upon the delinquent. Although the inexorable severity of their rulers has taught the Ainos—naturally an open, ingenuous race—to dissemble, it is proverbial throughout Japan that neither torture nor fear of death will induce an Aino to break his oath.

With a professed desire to improve the condition of the Ainos, the Japanese Government has lately modified the Aino code; and the following extract from recent regulations framed for the guidance of these people will give some idea of Japanese liberality and magnanimity:—

1. Respect public property; obey the laws with fear and trembling; persevere and be careful not to break them.
2. Be strictly honest if a government, merchant, or foreign vessel enters a port; do not accept any presents; you will be severely punished if anything is secretly accepted or hidden.
3. If your services are required by the custom-house or the yakonins,* you must respectfully obey the summons, and do your utmost in this honourable employment.
4. If you see a foreign or a Chinese vessel, you must inform the yakonins without delay.
5. The supply of game must increase yearly.
6. Take care of fire, and do not neglect precautionary measures.
7. Do not sell game to sailors; everything you obtain from the forests and plains must be presented to the yakonins. An infraction of this law will be severely punished.
8. You must increase the supplies of fish, and can keep them in storehouses. You will soon receive new instructions upon this subject.
9. Fathers, sons, brothers, husbands, and wives must live in peace, and the inhabitants of a village must not quarrel. When the boys and girls have arrived at a marriageable age, the officer in charge of the place must command them to marry.
10. The Ainos of one village may not remove to another one; but, if urgent reasons require a change of residence, they may present a petition to the yakonins.
11. Take heed that no quarrels take place among you. Offenders against this law will be severely punished.
12. The chief of the village must act prudently; and, if a disturbance is apprehended, he must inform the yakonin immediately. A breach of this law will be severely punished. The new laws which it has pleased Government to give you, do not annul the old ones, but confirm them.

The following is a supplement to the preceding regulations, with the original in the Aino dialect:—

1. By these new laws we not only confirm everything we have formerly done, but command you to be grateful for everything the yakonins do for you, and increase the produce of your fisheries.

Mogiri shikaneka jendoshimota kamoi renka anroje taban-kosoo shamata jeko oeroketawa tjoke shejaskato ikannekoosoo.

2. It is advisable for you to learn the language of the empire of the gods (Japan).

Jei jekatan shishamokotan itaki hiroseo otare kiotomo renkajene.

3. We repeat our prohibition against changing your place of residence; in case of marriage an exception will be permitted. An Aino is no longer compelled to marry a woman of his village.

Tno otare korokotan nenaje anbe. Tmakakewa anon rowa nejatska renkajene omaraka ankoomi kinan konnan.

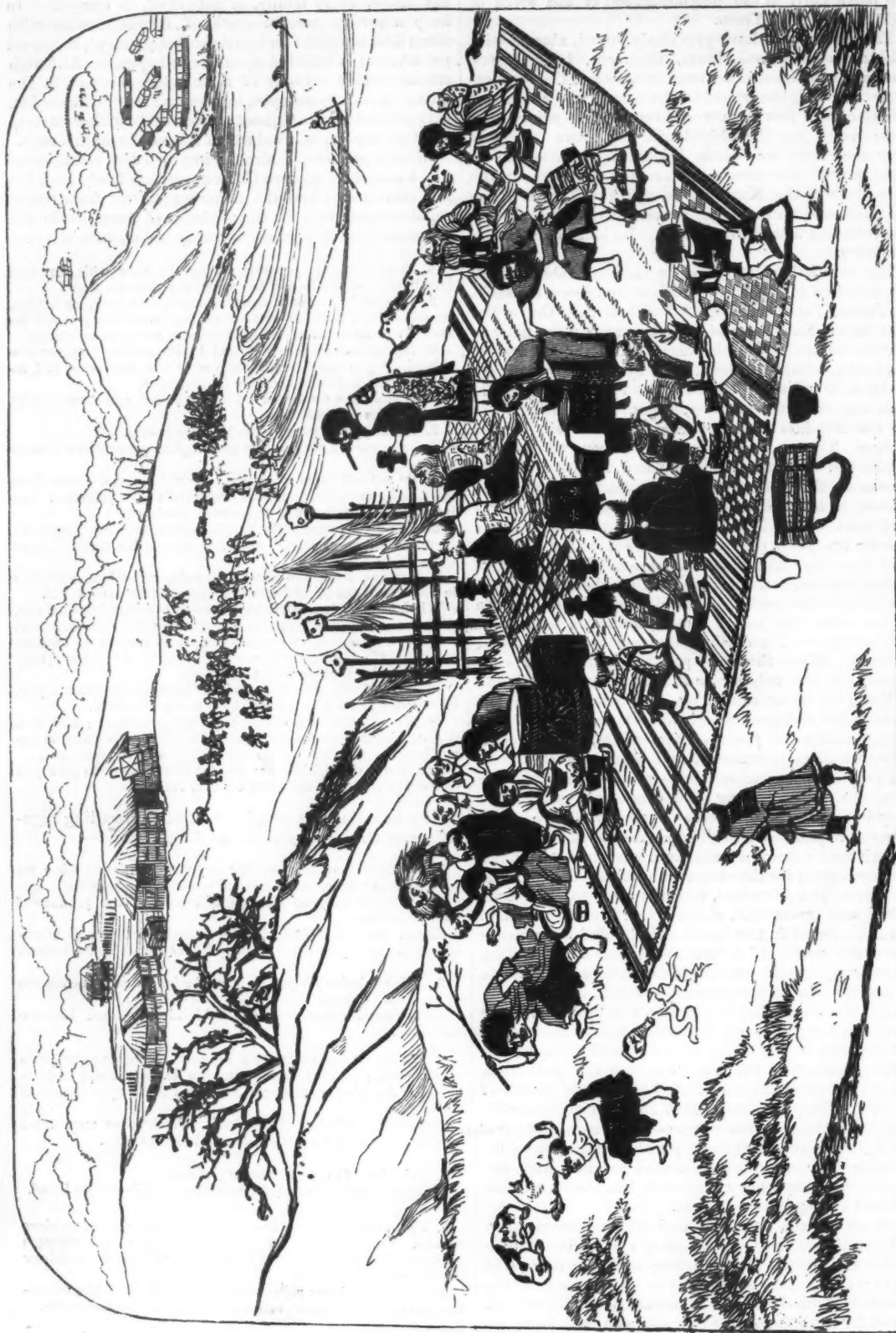
4. Take heed that you have no orphans.

Otsaka jabo manokobo nejatska shinione wa ishanmano kooni.

5. Up to the present moment you were not allowed to place wooden floors in your hovels; but, owing to the diseases occasioned by the dampness of your dwellings, we withdraw this prohibition.

Karookado katjakoo rojetaban kosoo osa shojente kin ankonnan ikamakaki waninonari sokekorowanetaki jekoni-roanasan.

* Yakonin is the general name for a civil officer of the government.



RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES OF THE AINOS. (See p. 243.)
(From a Japanese painting.)

6. You are now permitted, and we hereby command you, to cultivate the ground; seeds and agricultural implements will be given to you by the custom-house.

Néwa anbé koorikaskèta tojèta kajèkèshitojèwa. Tbéharoo nékonbé jajèmooshoka arékooni taban tojètakooni bijèstramata soojikifoo néjatska.

7. The Ainos must wear shoes and cloaks, if it rains; this will prevent a great many diseases.

Tao otaré moshamanbe bookooibosaba, barankonbji nonashibé shomo.

8. It is necessary that your children should learn the Japanese language, and adopt the manners and customs of the mother-country.

Mojeré tara néjatskajé aramontékooni jajèkoo pèpèkèrè antaki firookajoo tabama.

9. With regard to the custom of tattooing the mouth and hands of a woman, we direct you not to do this by force; tattoo her if she wishes it.

Shino jèkato shomo ramoosimakooro anakine nènokajètèkè kinjatska.

10. It is highly advisable to shave the head in the Japanese manner.

Taubé imakakèwa shokooboo ootskajèboo mènokoboo néjatska néwa annoroo jéramo antéwa.

11. The yakonins shall inform all the Yessonese of these orders.

Shirishkaponèka ottona kondsokai ottarè oranmookaka jéramoo antéwa ottarè kèshè oroo bèkèkèrè nitata ankooni.

The foregoing specimens will suffice to show those who may have visited this far-distant land, and are conversant with the Japanese language, the dissimilarity of that and the Aino dialect.



AINO BEAUTY.

THE AWDRIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XXIII.—EXPLANATIONS.

MUCH had Margaret's mind been exercised, during the night before she left Willoughby for Lydwood, in the faded array that sat so heavily on the heart of the faithful Anne. The result of plans revolved and rejected was a determination to go directly to Mr. Fairfax: to seek Edward would be vain: the attempt for her *alone* would be impracticable; but, armed with his father's authority, and shielded by his presence, what might not be effected?

Mr. Fairfax had been represented to her under very different aspects: by her uncle and her guardian as a dark, designing, parsimonious man, who had injured her

deeply, and by his ill-advised penuriousness driven his son to evil courses; by the Hedwig family, by Jessica, who knew him well, and by his own son, he had been held up as lustrous in virtue and excellence. "A mixture, no doubt," she thought. "I will venture on him, be he what he may. I have not injured *him*, at any rate; and I see no other way to get through this tangle."

The impression she made on Mr. Fairfax answered her intent. He had become nerveless through grief; his distress had been deepened by discovering the charges which had been so ingeniously devised and propagated concerning him. He was sinking under the burthen; but the unexpected vision of so bright a helper restored him. After a free and open disclosure of all she knew of his son, he listened earnestly to her entreaties to use means to discover him, pursue him, and overcome him.

His inertness passed away; he returned to his former self. "You are right, you are right," he repeatedly answered to her arguments.

Means were used—means which are ever available in England to cut off any retreat. Edward was pursued; he was discovered on the very eve of embarking; he was overcome; he returned to Lydwood with them.

To Margaret he owned that pride had in a great measure driven him to exile himself, that he might recover a fair name and return to a freed fortune; for how could he, in his shame, bear to see the father he had deceived? how could he submit to see Jessica, before whom he must appear dishonoured, as she well knew much of him that to himself now appeared hateful and brimming with disgrace? No: he would go away; a sense of better things had come over him; he had better aspirations; and, moreover, he had learnt to distrust himself: so he would go away, and either redeem his name or never return to pain the hearts he had so deeply injured more.

"I had done too much to be forgiven; I could not forgive myself," he said.

Mr. Fairfax, too, made his confessions. He had been most unwise; his own unsuspecting nature had made him careless of avoiding the appearance of evil; he did not like to see property destroyed; he had been frugal always; perhaps he loved money: he did not know. He had never wasted; he had very probably given Edward a stinted allowance, not remembering how small his own wants were, and the difference between age and youth.

He feared, too, he had not sought to draw out his son's affections; that, seeing him shut up from him, and seeking his happiness from far different sources than those he found it in, he had left him alone, and, satisfied with prayer in his behalf, had not gone forth to woo him to a son's behaviour.

In short, he had been very wrong. He believed it, saw it now; but, had he known, had it been represented to him—he *might* have known from his own observation: he was grieved that selfish ease had had such hold on him.

"He delude Jessica into a marriage with his son for the sake of her fortune! He shut me out from my father's dying bed! He!" thought Margaret: "never; but he has not been wise with Edward: that I believe."

But now all was opened, all explained, all set right. Edward, who had never supposed himself an object of affection to his father, was surprised to see the deep well-spring of love in his heart; his own callous bearing passed away; he showed that he had love to offer in return.

The examination of his debts was not the painful task

it threatened to be; they were heavy indeed, but they *could* be paid. On one point alone he was firm: his father should not pay them; his own property should be sacrificed, and he would, since he must not leave England, enter on some professional life, some honourable labour, in which he might use the talents he possessed with credit and profit; and, when he had obtained means to support her, he would marry Jessica.

How happily all this was planned and settled! but not till after many a conflict gone through.

Mr. Fairfax, on the morning before Margaret had fixed to return to Willoughby, said to her, with a serene countenance, "I have written to Dr. Vaughan. I hope his unhappy rancour against me will cease; I know you will do your part towards it, for his sake as well as for mine."

And on her return what wonders had not that letter worked! So full a tribute it was to Margaret's excellence, so entire a refutation of the scandals so long believed in, yet refuted in so gentle and humble a spirit, that the old man was more than appeased.

"Why couldn't he have said all this before?" he exclaimed to Margaret, "and not leave me in the dark for twenty years."

Margaret explained that it was only of late that he had heard of the impression at Willoughby concerning him.

"You shall write, Peggy, and say I forgive everything."

"But how, when it seems there's nothing to forgive?" said Margaret.

"Ah, true. Well, I *shake hands*, and anything civil you please. I'm glad I've done with *that*; it has troubled me a good deal lately. You're a dear little peacemaker."

And indeed it was quite a comfort to the old Doctor that he had no enemies left but the Irish and their priests, whom he never ceased to denounce.

As to Mary, she had been progressing wondrously; the Doctor had spent hours with his eyes closed, his head back, listening to her beautiful voice, and every now and then chiming in, when she was inevitably obliged to cease, for fear of laughing, he made such astonishing faces and contortions.

"A thought too gloomy, Peggy; she hasn't your life, your ether; but she will get stronger. She smiles a very pretty smile, and improves every day; and, when you have brushed her up a little, no doubt she will get lively. Oh, how sweetly she sings 'Lovely Peace'!"

Mrs. Hill had been as happy as she could be. There are thimbles of capacities as well as vast deeps, and to be full is to be full; and Anne, with her renovating art, and the comforts of Willoughby, and the removal of anxiety about her daughter and *herself*, were quite enough to fill Mrs. Hill's thimble capacity for happiness.

CHAPTER XXIV.—SUNDRIES.

"You didn't know Miss Awdrie when you became attached to Jessica?" said Martin to Edward Fairfax, trying to fix on the head of the shepherdess, which had broken loose from white of egg, fresh paint, and all other adhesives applied by his mother.

"I never saw her till now—within the last month," said Edward. "Let me stick that on; you are cricking the neck, and my little girl has a throat like a swan."

"How unlike the sisters are!" said Martin, pushing it towards him.

"Very antipodes—in *style*, that is," said Edward.

"Her sister is extremely amiable," said Martin;

"but, with your lively temperament, I should have thought——"

"She was not lively enough?—that is because you don't know her; you should see her worked up!"

Martin recollected the day when she opened her heart to him about Edward, and smiled.

"Ah! you *have* seen her? Ah! she is just suited to me: sweet, placid temper, constant loving heart; clever enough to appreciate my superiority, and not so foolish as ever to think of disputing it."

"A reverence without bounds is not a just appreciation," said Martin.

"I did not talk of a *just* appreciation," said Edward, laughing; "that would bring me less of devotion than I like, I am afraid. Now Margaret knows the measure of every power I have, and could lay down the shape and size as accurately as a tailor could a coat-pattern."

"She has wonderful discrimination," said Martin.

"Too much, by twenty times, for a wife, unless she met with a man fit to be Prime Minister, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer all in one."

"She is not likely to do that," said Martin.

"No; but quite as likely as she is to marry at all."

"Why?"

"Oh, she is necessary to so many—in so many ways; and—— But why do you ask?" said Edward, suddenly looking up from the shepherdess.

"Idle talk," said Martin. "You have succeeded in making it straight."

"Yes; and never, never, I hope, will I make my poor little shepherdess's head ache again," he said, tenderly.

"What good resolutions are you making?" cried Margaret, joining them. "*Jessica* is ready, and the morning is wearing, and *dinner* is early, and you must be punctual. There's a *sequence*!"

"And you have startled Mr. Hedwig so, that he has unsettled my work again. Why, Martin, you are getting nervous," said Edward, looking at his rising colour.

"I think we are all nervous to-day; but I hope Mr. Hedwig is in possession of his best philosophy, for I want a private talk with him."

"He will be most happy, I can answer for it," said Edward, with a look that taught Martin he must set a watch on himself in future.

"And now, Mr. Hedwig," Margaret began, as soon as Edward had left them, "I have a great favour to ask; will you grant it if you can?" she said.

It was well for Martin that he was relieved from Edward's eye; he answered, with irrepressible emotion, that she could not make him happier than to employ him.

"What a kindly mixture you are of your mother and father!—his power, certainly, and her tenderness," said Margaret, looking at him with a pleased, benignant smile, as if she were criticizing a picture she admired.

Never had Martin felt so foolish; he was utterly unable to shake off the feeling that kept him silent.

"Well," said Margaret, with a sigh, "I believe you, and I trust you. I want you now to help forward the work that is, I trust, well begun. Edward's future course will be coloured by associates—whose is not? He thinks he is too well taught now to be shackled by any again; he does not yet know himself."

Martin thought of Edward's words concerning the tailor's coat-pattern, as he listened to her animated description of the good and evil in Jessica's future husband.

"Now you, Mr. Hedwig—I have great faith in you. Will you follow him up, watch over him, lend a guiding, helping hand where you can? It will be a work of love."

"I know no one so able to command works of love as yourself," said Martin, with rather a tremulous voice. Margaret looked at him.

"Oh, Mr. Hedwig, forgive me," she said, laughing; "but that was just like one of your father's delightful speeches to me. Do keep to your mother's tongue, or you'll put me out; and I can't do without you."

"I merely expressed what both my father and mother feel, I know," he said, assuming a cold and somewhat stiff manner.

"Well, well," said Margaret, "let us understand one another; we are both blest with common sense, and may do so without trouble. Pray don't go on being grateful, and that sort of thing, to me, or you will frighten me off the ground. I assure you, I think our mutual obligations, if not equal, throw a balance on my side; yet I won't offend you with a single thank—no; I rather lay more burthens on you. Your mother is the very queen of women to teach Jessica a wife's wisdom and work; and you will give a brother's care to her, will you not? and look to her mind, that it has such food and training as may help to exalt her to fit companionship with Edward? See how I trust you! how I rely on you!"

She said this with such kindness, such earnestness, that Martin's heart once more fluttered; but, regaining self-command, he assured her he highly valued her charge, and would religiously discharge it.

"Religiously!" echoed Margaret; "ah! it is in that way only it will be well done."

"I know that; and, according to my knowledge, I will so discharge it," he answered.

"Thank you, thank you," said Margaret, holding out her hand, which Martin dared not press with the heartiness he felt. "You don't shake hands like your mother," she thought to herself; "she nearly broke my ring into my finger last night. But never mind; we are pledged now to the same work; that is the link between us—we are above the common-place need of demonstration."

Martin felt that he was not by any means above it, but smiled an acquiescent reply, as he was bound to do; which smile vanished with her presence.

"So," he thought, "I have been hoping against hope. Edward is right—she will never find one on whom she will concentrate her affections; they are spread east, west, north, south. She has done a thing for me which I may have to thank her for: she has saved me from loving any one inferior to herself, and her equal I shall not find. Be it so, then. She will walk alone, by the strong necessity of her excellence. I—"

"Martin, love," broke in Mrs. Hedwig, "Mr. Fairfax and your father have been asking for you; you'll go to them at once, because, if they have much reading to do, it will throw us so late, and dinner will be punctual; and if the pie is overdone it will be quite spoilt."

Martin prepared to obey.

"How sadly pale you look, love! I wish you'd take some bitters in the morning. Miss Awdrie has just had a glass: I know they would do you good."

Martin thought, at that moment, he had had bitters enough, and hurried on to the study, declaring he never was better.

"I don't believe it. The truth is, he is unsettled, like the rest of us. I shall be glad when we are quiet again."

And much reason she had to say so. Not a word of prose, unless it was in Latin, could she get out of the Professor, except when some of the wants of humanity reduced him to the need of an intelligible question. Eliza was growing rather heady and high-minded again;

and no wonder, considering how she was called here and there, and work was multiplied upon her. She, too, was weary with her late anxieties, and her additional labours for hospitality's sake.

On her way to the kitchen, after having cut the thread of Martin's contemplations, and despatched him to the study, Mrs. Hedwig peeped into the parlour, and found Margaret reading, who cried out—

"Oh, I'm glad, so glad you are here; I was afraid you had made one of your long dives, and I should not get hold of you again. What an excellent book this is, and well read; is it yours?"

"Yes, love; it was my mother's. I value it so much."

"On that account chiefly?"

"Not chiefly: for its own sake. I get a world of comfort from it. I am never so well when I am prevented from reading it in the morning."

"We are all burying you with cares and labours, like thick clay," said Margaret, looking at her, and seeing how wan and weary she seemed.

"Not very strong, love. I can get on well enough if I have half an hour quiet after breakfast; but I miss that sadly when I can't manage it."

"And you haven't had it this morning?"

"No, love; there were little things to do, you know. But I have been vexing lately, which is very wrong, and now I seem upset by a trifle. What is the place for to-day?" And she sat by Margaret and looked over the book.

"What a precious promise, is it not?" said Margaret, pointing to the Scripture that headed the page.

"Yes, love," said Mrs. Hedwig, with a sigh; "to those who are worthy it is very precious, I'm sure."

Margaret looked into her face, and replied, "Dear Mrs. Hedwig! why, it is most precious to me."

"Yes, love, I dare say," she answered.

"Why? because I am worthy?" asked Margaret.

"Well, love, it does not become us to flatter one another; but I know I am not."

"Poor unworthy Mrs. Hedwig! bad wife, bad mother, unfriendly spirit, harsh mistress! How can I sit beside you, and I the worthy woman that has upset your whole household, and given you a headache for the day, I'm afraid?"

Mrs. Hedwig smiled in answer to Margaret's laughing tone and words, but, checking herself, said, "Not worse than many in outward things, love; but, if you knew all about me, you would understand what I mean."

"If you mean unworthy in the sight of God, dear friend," said Margaret, gravely, "I heartily agree in passing sentence on you. Unclean! unclean! is the cry of every enlightened spirit."

"This is a verse that troubles me at times," said Mrs. Hedwig, turning, with a child-like simplicity very touching to her companion, to a portion headed, "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity."

"He is; and that is why all our trust must be in the merits of our Saviour," answered Margaret.

"Ah! if I were one of his people!" said Mrs. Hedwig.

"And are you not one of his people? If not, you wear false colours, for you speak and act as if you were."

"No, no," said Mrs. Hedwig, very solemnly; "don't say so. I wish more than anything to be one of his people; but it doesn't become a sinner like me to say I am one of his people."

"Then, dear Mrs. Hedwig, take this book, and that Bible, and all the Bibles you can lay your hands on, and put them aside as useless," said Margaret, as solemnly.

"Oh, dear, love!" exclaimed Mrs. Hedwig.

"Do it: they are mere waste paper; worse—if God's words are not true. I do so like that well-known hymn:—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

"Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
*Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.*"

"Now, then, can't you see, dear Mrs. Hedwig, that sinners polluted with sin, not righteous people, want cleansing, and that the Saviour shed his blood for the very purpose of cleansing them? And, again, sinners who have offended want *pardon*, not those who have never done wrong. Do you think there is more love, more pity, more consideration in your heart towards others than in the heart of our gracious God, the Father of mercy, towards you and me, his unworthy children?"

Mrs. Hedwig's eyes filled with tears.

"Dear friend," said Margaret, "*now* will you not say this is a precious promise to you and to me?"

"I wish, love—" said Mrs. Hedwig, speaking through her tears.

"I know what you are going to say," said Margaret, stopping her: "you wish you were like me; and, fifty times since I have known you, I have wished I were like *you*—there, now!"

"Oh, dear, love!" exclaimed Mrs. Hedwig, laughing and wiping her eyes; "that's a strange wish indeed."

"A foolish one, like yours. There is less difference in our actual worth, perhaps, than either of us may think; but so it is: like the train of Christiana, on their way to the celestial city, who admired the ornaments they saw on each other, and greatly preferred them to their own."

"Well, love, thank you; you have done me good, I think. I feel lighter-hearted than when I came in, and I shall remember what you have said; I fancy I understand what you mean. It's such a blessing, isn't it, that it doesn't want great cleverness to understand such things as these?"

"Cleverness!" said Margaret, laughing.

"Yes, love. There is a great difference among people, I know; but I comfort myself sometimes when I think, if I ever do get to heaven, where my darling Annie is, we shall both be wise enough to love God, and be as happy as the greatest there."

A loud knock interrupted the conversation. Mrs. Hedwig peeped through the side of the curtain and cried, "Deary me! it's the Parsonses; and the oven is so bad to leave, and Eliza *must* go and finish up-stairs. I've been talking here so long. What *is* to be done?"

"Leave me to entertain them: I'll do it delightfully; make apologies for you, and give them such a charming entertainment that they will be fonder of me than ever. Fly—escape—Eliza is at the door-latch."

Gladly, though reluctantly, Mrs. Hedwig obeyed, and right gladly and gleefully did the family procession

enter, and triumph in the thought that they had at last laid hands on the charming Miss Awdrie.

"We are fortunate!" they exclaimed, with one voice. "Nay, it is I that am fortunate; I lost the pleasure of your call last time," said Margaret.

How vehemently did "sister" declare that *that* loss was theirs in a most aggravated degree; and how vehemently did Jane and Jemima come in second and third, to complete the chorus, after a few more such overtures.

"And now," said "sister," "you must tell us all about yourself, and the dear invalid."

"Dear creature!" said Jemima, with a sigh.

"Sweet love!" said Jane, with another.

"Oh, *how* we felt for her!" said the chorus.

"Your dear *sister*!" said Miss Parsons, finding that Margaret returned no answer beyond a look of extreme surprise.

"My sister! oh, thank you, she is quite well; I found her entirely recovered."

"You don't say so! *we* thought her looking so delicate when we saw her. We have called since, twice; but dear Mrs. Hedwig is so very prudent—she didn't like her to be excited, no doubt—she wouldn't let us see her."

"Indeed!" said Margaret; "I wasn't aware that there had ever been a necessity for so much prudence."

Miss Parsons shrugged her shoulders.

Jane's and Jemima's went up immediately, as if all three pairs moved by one spring.

"Pity—between you and me, Miss Awdrie—that Mrs. Hedwig is so *very* cautious; it makes people talk so. It has really been reported that your sweet sister is in a highly nervous state."

"Quite *low*, you know," said Jemima, with great significance.

"Quite!" echoed Jane.

"I cannot think why," said Margaret.

"Oh, it's entirely owing to making such a mystery of things. Mrs. Hedwig is a most excellent person, and a particular friend of ours" ("Most particular friend," murmured Jane and Jemima), "but so very close, no one knows anything about her; and that sets people talking, you know."

"And talking!" said Margaret.

"Of course," said Miss Parsons, "people *will* talk; and it is better to be a little open, and then there would be no suspicions."

"May I ask where you heard this report of Jessica?" said Margaret.

Miss Parsons looked a little staggered; she thought it had been named at one or two places. Margaret said she should like to know of *one*, that Mrs. Hedwig might call and find out the origin of the report.

Suddenly Miss Parsons recollected that it would be a breach of faith to give up any name: she couldn't think of doing that; but she would make a point of contradicting the rumour wherever she heard it.

Margaret assured her it was unnecessary to take so much trouble; she was sure those who circulated the report must have invented it, and to throw away truth on them would be useless.

Miss Parsons looked as if the whole heat of a summer day had made a sudden rush into her system; but she replied as calmly as she could, that she greatly admired the sentiment, and it was not worthy of people of sense to care for idle talk.

After this the conversation flagged. "The charming Miss Awdrie" proved as impenetrable, in her way, as close Mrs. Hedwig herself. So the poor ladies went away without knowing who the two gentlemen were

that had arrived early that morning; nor how long they were going to stay; nor what they came for; nor half a dozen other things that lay as near to their hearts: for it was astonishing how very near to their hearts the three Miss Parsons hugged the affairs of their neighbours.

"I believe that those two men who came this morning were *keepers*," said Miss Parsons, as they walked down the street.

The suggestion highly commended itself to Jane and Jemima.

"And they are going to take her off somewhere. Did you see how Miss Awdrie pricked up her ears when I mentioned the report?"

Seen it? of course they had. And they had gone over all the private asylums in the bounds of their knowledge, and were arguing the point whether it might not be to a medical gentleman's house she was to be transferred, when they met Jessica, looking radiant with happiness, hanging on Edward's arm. But how different her appearance! they would have passed her, if it had been possible for their eagle eyes to pass any one.

"Dear me! Miss Awdrie—Miss Jessica, I should say—happy to see you; glad to hear you are quite well again; just called on your sister—charming person—delighted to see her."

More was not practicable; for Jessica, although too happy now to care much for them, shared Mrs. Hedwig's antipathy, and slipped from their grasp, with nods and smiles, with an agility and determination worthy of Margaret.

"What do you think *now*, sister?" said Jemima.

"That's no doctor," said Jane.

Miss Parsons was troubled; she had so firmly believed in her own theory concerning Jessica, that she was like a beetle thrown on its back at such a proof of its falsity.

However, so it was; they were obliged to give it all up; and it was decided on, as a step of discretion, to call at more than one house in North Town Street, to assure the families dwelling therein that the report concerning the young lady at the Professor's was entirely false; and, for their parts, they couldn't think how people could be so wicked as to make up such stories; that they couldn't!

CHAPTER XXV.—LAST WORDS.

"AND *now*," said Margaret, as Edward and Jessica were exchanging last words in the little parlour, regardless of the blind being drawn up, and as she stood between Mr. Fairfax and the Professor and his wife, Martin standing aloof, "I have a plan—a delightful one. I think I deserve something for all my vagabondizing, and I expect you all to say 'Yes.'"

"I know, love, it will be to make others happy, whatever it is," said Mrs. Hedwig.

"—— I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour!"

said the Professor, in tone most rueful, as he contemplated the departure of Margaret, Mr. Fairfax, and his son. Not that Edward had much of his lament, though he had professed himself most agreeably disappointed in him. The young man was better than Martin's report: he had made a sharp reply to a Greek apothegm, and had listened steadily, with eyes wide open, to some stanzas of his on the subject. But Margaret! and Mr. Fairfax!

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul,"

how would they be followed by famine and drought!

All this was in his face.

Mr. Fairfax said, "In *prose*, Miss Awdrie—for I am not so ready with the Muse's wares as the Professor—I can only say, anything that will give you pleasure to do I will do, knowing that you will not take advantage of my unguarded consent."

"Then I propose our all meeting at Willoughby. My house is a large one. My guardian has a library that will delight *you*," turning to the Professor; "and a meeting with *you*," turning to Mr. Fairfax, "will happily remove any shadow of gloom that the last twenty years of separation may have left. You know he is *very* old," she said, pleadingly.

"And *I*!" said Mr. Fairfax, sighing.

"Oh, yes, and *I* too," said Margaret; "in fact, we are all getting old, and ought to waste no more time; and the poor old Doctor—most kind friend to me—is very infirm, and cannot advance to a meeting."

Mr. Fairfax replied that he would gladly make the forward movement; "but Edward?"

"Oh, not Edward; let him stay and work with Mr. Hedwig; we old people cannot hinder nor be hindered by the young ones. Jessica must be introduced to what I meant to be her home before settling down here; and I'm sure dear Mrs. Hedwig will see the propriety of *her* coming to keep us all straight; we are all indispensable to the good plan."

"I should be merely," the Professor began to say—

"Beside some water's rushy brink,
With me the Muse shall sit and think."

That's all I remember of it."

"But doesn't it come in well?" said Margaret, laughing. "Why, I shall call every place, even to the kitchen garden, by a new and classic name after you have ennobled it by verse; and there is the loveliest old quaint arbour there, and a regular *Academy*—a grove made for thought sublime. Mr. Martin, what a pity I can't ask you! but I will, some day, when you are at liberty; at present, unlike us old people, your work is before you."

And it was all settled—and most happily so—that, on the return of Mr. Fairfax and his son from London, whither they were going for legal help to arrange finally the affairs of the latter and discharge all claims on him, Edward should settle down to study with Martin Hedwig, preparatory to his entering on the training necessary for the bar; while his father, with the Professor and his wife and Jessica, were to make an autumn visit to Willoughby, to stay as long as Margaret could keep them.

"A blessed closing of the year it will be," she said. "I trust the brightness of the autumn will shed such a lustre on the winter that we shall be cheated out of all its gloom."

"You see all things through golden glass," said Mr. Fairfax, returning her cordial farewell.

"Excellent—the very atmosphere of the heavenly city: *pure gold like unto clear glass*; isn't that the right medium through which Christians should view all things?"

Mr. Fairfax smiled assent; the Professor for once was not at home with a quotation, but his wife had more insight into this than ever fell to her share on like occasions, and looked with beaming delight on Margaret's animated face.

The travellers gone, the remainder of the evening was to be devoted to preparing Jessica for departure with Margaret on the following morning.

"Anything wrong?" said Margaret, struck by the look of concern on Mrs. Hedwig's face as she issued from the little parlour.

"I am so vexed, love; Jessica and young Mr. Fairfax were there with the blind up," she said.

"And what then?" asked Margaret.

"Just look opposite, love," said the troubled lady, leading her to the window, and gently holding back the blind. The explanation was instantly seen in three white faces at that opposite.

"They watch us from morning to night, love; they are quite a trouble to me; I do so greatly dislike them!" said Mrs. Hedwig.

"It is because you dislike them they are a trouble to you; they are a little root of bitterness, that springing up troubles you, raising in your poor heart, if not malice, at least uncharitableness," said Margaret.

Mrs. Hedwig paused to consider how that passage, which she well knew, could apply to the Miss Parsonses; not that she meant in the least to deny that her feelings were not very charitable towards them.

"I shall have time," said Margaret; "I will just run over to them; I cut them rather short this morning. They look very disconsolate, poor white things; a little news will cheer them up."

"Surely, love, you won't tell them——"

"Anything that the crier was, not equally welcome to?—of course not; but *that* they may have, if it will make them more comfortable; don't you think so?"

"I can't abide busy-bodies," said Mrs. Hedwig, with the same expression of face with which she surveyed the cobwebs in the study.

"Then I'm sure you must detest me!" said Margaret, gaily.

"No, love; when people are busy to a good purpose, it's a different thing."

"Dear friend, don't you see that their very meat and drink is gossip? They have allowed themselves in it till they are possessed by it, as a garden overrun with weeds."

"They keep their garden very well," said Mrs. Hedwig, "and they're very good-natured in giving me anything out of it, if I will let them; but I'm afraid of letting them come near."

"Poor things! and who is to teach them better, if those who know better avoid them? Haven't we our infirmities? and shouldn't we bear with those of each other? What do you think?"

"Yes, love, I'm obliged to bear with theirs, because I can't help myself; but as to doing them good, I am not able to do that, I'm sure: I must be better myself first."

"And that's what you call *bearing with their infirmities*; letting them live opposite, because you can't drive them out of their house as you fumigate bees from a hive; which you would do if you could."

"And how would *you* bear with them?" asked Mrs. Hedwig, who could not forbear laughing at Margaret's true bill against her.

"I know how I *ought* to bear with them—as mine are borne with; not hardening them in their sin by leaving them to themselves, but by a kind reproof, a word of faithful warning, showing them that I know the value of my own soul so well, it made me care for theirs."

"Yes, love, you are right, and you would do it; but I do dislike them very much, and I wish they would go away, for they often interfere with my thoughts when I want to consider other things."

"My dear friend, I do not speak it lightly, but did you ever pray for them?" said Margaret, suddenly.

"Pray for the Parsonses, love!" exclaimed Mrs.

Hedwig, in excessive surprise; "dear, no; it would have come into my head to do it."

"I don't know a more certain cure for a disagreement, a trial, a temptation of any kind, than prayer; if you, who feel so sensibly the state of idleness and carelessness their hearts must be in to bring them to such a life as they lead, were to ask that a better mind might be given them, even if your prayer were not answered for *them*, it would return to your own bosom, and deliver you from annoyance, or give you power to bear it."

"Dear! I never thought so seriously about it as that," said Mrs. Hedwig, who could hardly comprehend the novel idea of praying for the Parsonses.

"But why not? you look on them as enemies, professing friendship to answer their own ends."

"Yes, love; *that* makes me so angry with them."

"Well—'Love your enemies,' pray for them; and—you know the rest."

"Yes, love; it's in the fifth of Matthew; but you haven't said it right. 'Bless them that curse you,' comes next."

"And what follows? 'Pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you.'"

"They hardly do *that*," said Mrs. Hedwig, smiling; "but indeed, love, I see what you mean, and I am very much obliged to you for your advice, I assure you."

Margaret heartily kissed her, and thought her own prayer might well be for more of the childlike spirit of her gentle friend.

"Miss Awdrie! oh, with my wife. I trust I have not intruded; but,

'Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So our minutes hasten to their end.'"

"We were only talking a little of our neighbours, love. Miss Awdrie thought to run in and say good-bye to them, as they had shown her civilities."

"Neighbours!" said the Professor, with a look of innocent surprise, very diverting to Margaret; "what neighbours?"

"The Parsonses, love."

"'Periculusa temeritas!'—'Rashness is dangerous'—Mrs. Hedwig; they have, by repute, tongues like 'a rattling peal of thunder;' they are 'a ghastly band.' Will you waste the precious minutes on *them*?"

"Only a few, while you are looking over what you promised to show me."

"Ready, *all ready*," said the Professor, eagerly.

"In ten minutes," said Margaret, coaxingly; "I shall enjoy it so much more from having no neglected duty on my mind. Now you might make a little sonnet on that while I am away."

The Professor looked, wheeled round without answering, and in a moment was frowning vehemently over a new sheet of paper, with his pen in one hand, the other being busy marshalling his wig on its customary toar, while the brain that worked beneath it was hatching thought extraordinary. Margaret was back before he had finished, having taken a few puckers out of the forlorn faces of the three ladies who composed the "ghastly band," by telling them what it was not inconvenient for all the neighbourhood to know, and behaved with such an amount of friendship as to make them feel they were not isolated beings, and to warm them with the reflected beams of her own charity.

Cordially did they renew their invitation to her, should she revisit North Town; and in return she proffered quarters at Willoughby, should they travel in that direction.

"And what if they *should* visit you, love?" said Mrs. Hedwig, in alarm for her at the thought.

"Then I must try and reform them before they come home to *you*. There's work more unprofitable than *that* to be done; don't you think so?" said Margaret.

"Well, love—yes—I suppose so," said Mrs. Hedwig, who, as she listened soon after to her husband's voice in recitation, and knew that Margaret was weary and would gladly have been spared listening, began to think that her own self-denial in time past had been on a poor scale compared with that of this so much younger disciple; winding up with, "But then, she is like nobody else in the world, I should think."

Margaret was on the watch in the morning to catch Martin before his departure to the High School, where his services were still required for a brief time.

"Eh, love! you down?" exclaimed Mrs. Hedwig, as she peeped into the little parlour where Martin was at breakfast.

"I wanted just to speak to Mr. Martin before going," said Margaret.

Martin rose to accompany her into the next room; but she insisted on his continuing his breakfast while she talked.

"Then," said Mrs. Hedwig, "I may go and look after Eliza." So they were left alone.

"Now, Mr. Hedwig, first let me say how sorry I was for my bluntness in saying I would not invite you yesterday. I thought you looked quite cool and unfriendly upon me all the evening after; but you must really take my bluntness for a compliment. I am more careful to those who I think are not of my own kith and kin, and cannot understand me; there is a sort of short-hand behaviour that minds of a certain stamp can read, and it's a pity to waste more elaborate manners on them; don't you think so?"

Martin replied that he had not misunderstood her, he hoped, and that he was flattered by her explanations.

"Very good; and you will look well into Edward, his ways and works. I like him, and am hopeful of him; but there is one thing only that will effectually make him right. *Love and a strong resolution are his now*; but they are mere sand-banks, however high, against the waves of temptation. You must play *Martin Luther* to him, and protest against all evil vehemently, and push truth on him without compromise."

"I fear, Miss Awdrie, you are exacting from me what I shall not be able to perform," said Martin.

"What! didn't you say you would watch and work for him *religiously*," she replied, looking earnestly into his eyes.

"You perhaps use the word more justly than I intended it: it is a term—"

"A term! I will not let you go one inch from your promise; you know what it means, I hope in spirit, at least in grammar."

"He is happy in being so much the object of your care," said Martin, changing the subject.

"Poor fellow!" said Margaret, with a sigh, "he has been saved from a gulf that has swallowed up others,—more worthy of care, I was going to say."

"He is hardly to be pitied," said Martin, with some bitterness, comparing his lot with his own.

"Yes; I think all who have not been case-hardened in certain furnaces are. He is very impressible, with all his assumed coldness, and would, if not engaged to Jessica, have been caught by some other attachment, in which his course would not have been so smooth, perhaps; as it is, he is open to disappointment: a thousand

things may come between him and what he looks for as happiness."

"Then you consider a stoic's life and condition the wisest and best?" asked Martin.

"Oh, no; I think a heart so taught by Divine love as to keep the first place in its affections for that which *cannot disappoint*, the wisest and the best; and, after that, the heart taught by experience, however bitter, that it is a mistake to build on the love of another for happiness, that has been stunned by the blow in learning, but has recovered it, and is able to walk alone, contented in its loneliness—that is the next best."

Martin, with a lawyer's head, looked on past evidence, and compared it with this statement; and, with a clear and comprehensive glance, he saw that the time had been when Margaret had loved Arthur Vaughan *not* as a sister, and, having learnt the lesson this had taught her, she had determined henceforth to "walk alone, contented with her loneliness."

But, unlike all women as she is in most things, she may be one with her sex in this: she may change her mind, he thought; and the thought much consoled him, and, putting down into the depths of his heart with strong resolution every feeling towards her beyond that of friendship, he listened to her reiterated charge concerning Edward, and promised as before.

CHAPTER XXVI.—SHORT AND SWEET.

AND now, dear reader, must we go farther?

Can you not believe that Martin was right, and that time brought Margaret to the mind he wished?

And that Dr. Vaughan was wholly reconciled to Mr. Fairfax, whose restored friendship worked well on a heart needing much such influence?

And that the Professor was gradually led by Margaret's conversation to see that, with all his wisdom, there was a wisdom higher than any he had yet achieved, and that truly his wife was the philosopher?

And that Mrs. Hill and Mary were well provided for by the Doctor, who was amply repaid by Mary's loving care and sweet voice?

And that Jessica grew wiser and stronger in character and capacity, under Mrs. Hedwig, and made a gentle and prudent wife, while Edward went forward at as fair a rate as he had once gone backward?

And, finally, that Anne one day rejoiced in her little work-room over wedding-dresses, in which her dear young lady gave her full scope, and by means of which she declared, with delight, that she looked better than the sweetest creature in the fashion-book?

Reader, only imagine all this—and then, farewell.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

BY SIR WALTER RALPH.

Rise, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinement contemplation use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given;
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse;
But down in midnight darkness let them lie:
So live thy better, let thy worst thoughts die.

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review, with meek regardful eye,
That holy cross, whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die;
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To thee, O Jesu! I direct mine eyes,
To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees;
To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees;
To thee myself—myself and all, I give;
To thee I die, to thee I only live.

Varieties.

LORD RUSSELL ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Lord Russell has published a new edition of his work on the "English Constitution." In a lengthened introduction, which his lordship has specially written for the edition, he expresses himself favourable to the abolition of capital punishment:—"For my own part, I do not doubt for a moment either the right of a community to inflict the punishment of death, or the expediency of exercising that right in certain states of society. But when I turn from that abstract right and that abstract expediency to our own state of society—when I consider how difficult it is for any judge to separate the case which requires inflexible justice from that which admits the force of mitigating circumstances—how invidious the task of the Secretary of State in dispensing the mercy of the Crown—how critical the comments made by the public—how soon the object of general horror becomes the theme of sympathy and pity—how narrow and how limited the examples given by this condign and awful punishment—how brutal the scene of the execution—I come to the conclusion that nothing would be lost to justice, nothing lost in the preservation of innocent life, if the punishment of death were altogether abolished. In that case a sentence of a long term of separate confinement, followed by another long term of hard labour and hard fare, would cease to be considered as an extension of mercy. If the sentence of the judge were to that effect there would scarcely ever be a petition for remission of punishment, in cases of murder, sent to the Home Office. The guilty, unpitied, would have time and opportunity to turn repentant to the Throne of Mercy."

PUBLIC INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.—The total revenue for the year ending December 31, 1864, was £70,125,374 15s. 1d. The total ordinary expenditure was £67,163,404 18s. 4d., which was again increased by expenses of fortifications specially provided for, and amounting to £720,000. Hence the net excess of income over ordinary expenditure in the year ending 31st December, 1864, was £2,241,969 16s. 9d. The balances in the exchequer at the same date, including £100,000 of the money raised for fortifications, amounted to £6,580,922 14s. 6d.

MAGNESIUM LIGHT IN THE PYRAMIDS.—Professor C. P. Smyth says, writing from the East Tomb, Great Pyramid:—"The magnesium wire light is something astounding in its power of illuminating difficult places. With any number of wax candles which we have yet taken into either the King's Chamber or the Grand Gallery, the impression left on the mind is merely seeing the candles and whatever is very close to them, so that you have small ideas whether you are in a palace or a cottage; but burn a triple strand of magnesium wire, and in a moment you see the whole apartment, and appreciate the grandeur of its size and the beauty of its proportions. This effect, so admirably complete, too, as it is, and perfect in its way, probably results from the extraordinary intensity of the light, apart from its useful photographic property, for, side by side with the magnesium light, the wax candle flame looked not much brighter than the red granite of the walls of the room. . . . Whatever can be reached by hand is chipped and hammered and fractured to a frightful degree; and this maltreatment by modern man, combined with the natural wear and tear of some of the softer stones under so huge a pressure as they are exposed to, and for so long duration, has made the measuring of what is excessively tedious and difficult, and the concluding what was, in some cases, rather ambiguous."

CHANGES OF WORDS.—In Bookers' "Scripture and Prayer-book Glossary" the number of words, or senses of words, which have become obsolete since 1611 amount to 388, or nearly one-fifteenth part of the whole number of words used in the Bible. Smaller changes, changes of accent and meaning, the reception of new and the dropping of old words, we may watch as taking place under our own eyes. Rogers said that "*contemplate* is bad enough, but *balcony* makes me sick;" whereas at present no one is startled by *contemplate* instead of *contéplate*, and *balcony* has become more usual than *balcôny*. Thus *Roome*, and *chaney*, *layloc*, and *gook* have but lately been driven from the stage by *Rome*, *china*, *lilac*, and *gold*; and some courteous gentlemen of the old school still continue to be *obleged*, instead of been *obliged*. *Force*, in the sense of a waterfall, and *gill*, in the sense of a rocky ravine, were not used in classical English before Wordsworth. *Handbook*, though an old Anglo-Saxon word, has but lately taken the place of *manual*; and a number of words, such as *cab*, for *cabriolet*,

bus, for *omnibus*, and even a verb, such as to *shunt*, tremble still on the boundary-line between the vulgar and the literary idioms. Though the grammatical changes that have taken place since the publication of the authorized version are yet fewer in number, still we may point out some. The termination of the third person singular in *th* is now entirely replaced by *s*. No one now says *he liveth*, but only *he lives*. Several of the irregular imperfects and participles have assumed a new form. No one now uses *he spake* and *he drave* instead of *he spoke* and *he drove*; *holpen* is replaced by *helped*, *holden* by *held*, *shapen* by *shaped*. The distinction between *ye* and *you*, the former being reserved for the nominative, the latter for all the other cases, is given up in modern English; and what is apparently a new grammatical form, the possessive pronoun *its* has sprung into life since the beginning of the 17th century. It never occurs in the Bible, and, though it is used three or four times by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson does not recognise it as yet in his English grammar.—*Max Müller's Science of Language*.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.—In the minutes of the Council of Ten for the 19th August, 1580, it is set forth that "A young Scotchman has arrived in this city, by name Giacomo Crictonio, of very noble lineage, from what one hears about his quality; and—from what has been clearly seen by divers proofs and trials made with very learned and scientific men, and especially by a Latin oration which he delivered extempore this morning in our College—of most rare and singular ability; in such wise that, not being above twenty years of age, or but little more, he astounds and surprises everybody—a thing which, as it is altogether extraordinary and beyond what nature usually produces, so ought it extraordinarily to induce this Council to make some courteous demonstration towards so marvellous a personage, more especially as, from accidents and foul fortune which have befallen him, he is in very straitened circumstances. Wherefore it will be put to the ballot, that of the monies of the chest of this Council there be given to the said Crichton, a Scottish gentleman, one hundred golden crowns. Ayes, 22; noes, 2; neutrals, 4."—"Venetian Archives," by W. Raudon Brown.

A STYRIAN LANDSCAPE.—A pilgrimage-looking church shone white upon a hill, and in the distance to the west rose the rocky barrier of the Caldron—one huge stony mass in particular, the Raducha, representing in this direction the last bulwark of the Alps; eastward now lay the plains of Hungary, and then the Carpathians. With two heavy farm-horses we started for Cilli about eleven o'clock. At the leisurely pace they took, it was seven at night before we reached it—all down a widening valley, expanding till it was almost a plain, and a cluster of dark peaks on the backward horizon alone remained of the mountain world. The day was pleasant, with a fresh autumn feel in the air. Gardens, gay with dahlias and China-asters; orchards, laden with plums; corn-plots with the harvest all gathered; low hills covered with wood, crowned with small white churches by the dozen, and stretching into hazy, sunshiny distance on either hand; a river flowing broadly in the centre, and bearing innumerable timber-logs, to be formed lower down into rafts for the navigation of the Save and Danube: such was this Styrian landscape. By five o'clock the valley had become quite a plain, an expanse of Indian corn, though still bordered by hills. Villages thickened, and twice or thrice a tract of blackened timbers showed that one had been destroyed by fire. Then a long low cloud of dust marked a high road in the distance, and châteaux, in a sort of dishevelled grandeur, lifted their turrets here and there. Suddenly we were in the broad road itself, not more interesting than that of Barnet in times of yore, but unlike that of Barnet; for where an avenue turned off to a mansion, a great golden crucifix was fixed, the rich man's testimony to his religion; while, farther on, three lofty statues, in marble, of sainted ecclesiastics, marked the limit of his estate, and shone far over the landscape. Soldiers were seen lounging about the inns and villages—an unpleasant suggestion of crowded quarters at Cilli, which appeared at last in the distance, glimmering over trees and backed by castle ruins on a hill. And there—there are the long low lines of the rail! Oh, how different in their mathematical rigidity from the soaring, sweeping, tossing, broken lines of mountain and hill, and the trembling lines of lake and stream that had been our delight so long.—*Gilbert's Dolomite Mountains*.

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CONTENTS.

ADVENTURES ASHORE AND AFLOAT	273, 289, 305,
	321
CANADA AND HER FRONTIER.	276
DANTE	279
THIEVES IN THE CITY	285
THE MAY-DAYS OF THE SOUL	292
SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE	294
HINTS ON LEGAL TOPICS—	
MORTGAGES OF PERSONALTY	298
GOING FOR A SAILOR	301
IRON SAFES	302
PEKING TO PETERSBURG	308
THE NEW CAPITAL OF ITALY	312
REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF PRESENCE OF MIND	314
THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND	315
THE FREED NEGROES IN AMERICA	319
LIFE IN EGYPT	325
ZOOLOGICAL NOTES	328
INFIDEL LECTURE-ROOMS	330
THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION OF 1865	332
TURIN IN HOLIDAY DRESS	334
ORIGINAL FABLES	287
VARIETIES	304, 336

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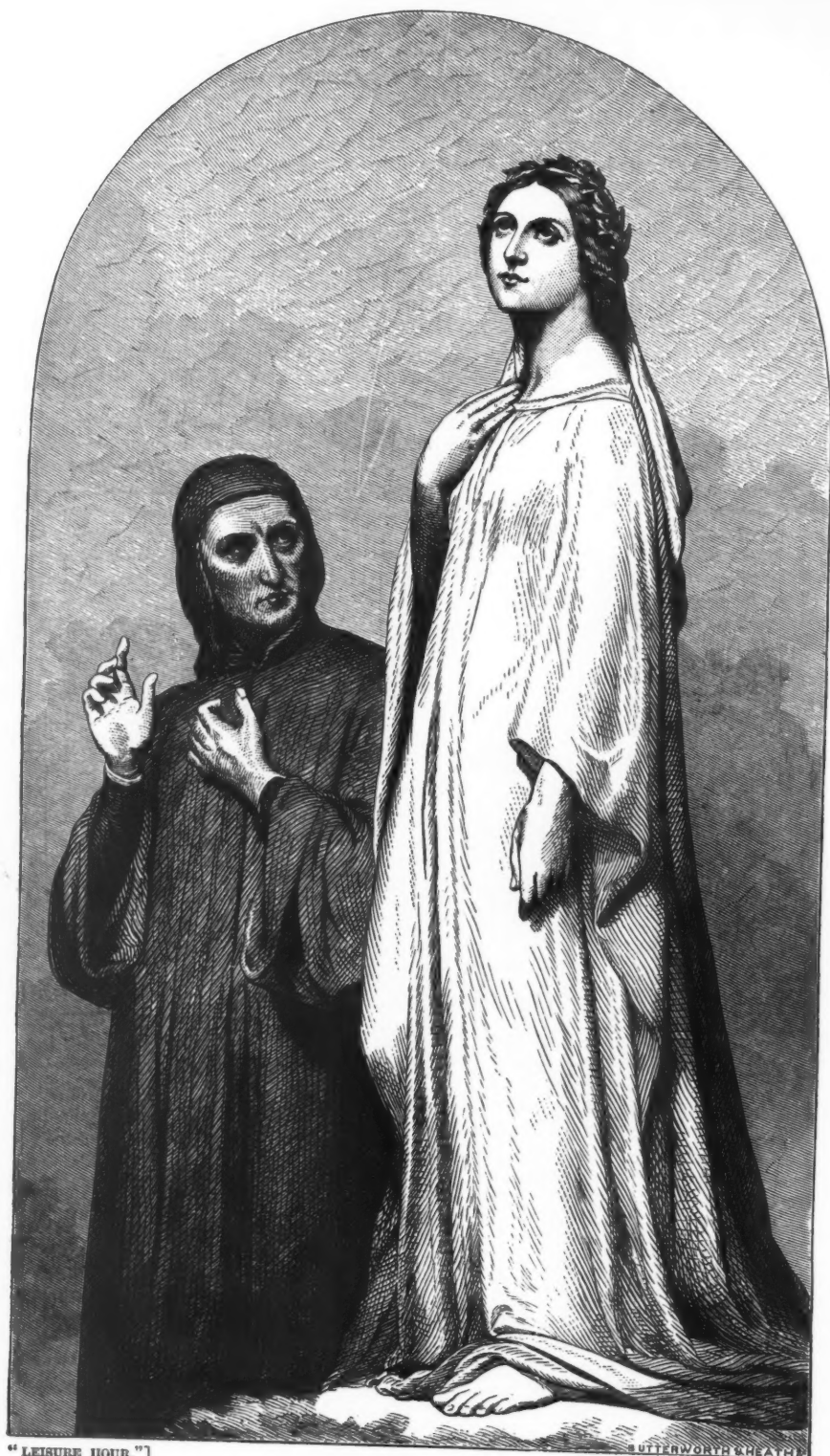
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